

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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Once Upon a Time

A letter from the Editor to her readers.

Hallo, boys and girls.

"Pleased to meet you again, I hope you have time for a thought," as the poet is saying to the girl who looks after the poets.

Here is the second number of "Once Upon a Time" and I hope that you like it as much as the first number.

Once again I have filled the pages with lovely pictures and wonderful stories for you. Do try to help Christopher Columbus reach America on page 35, won't you?

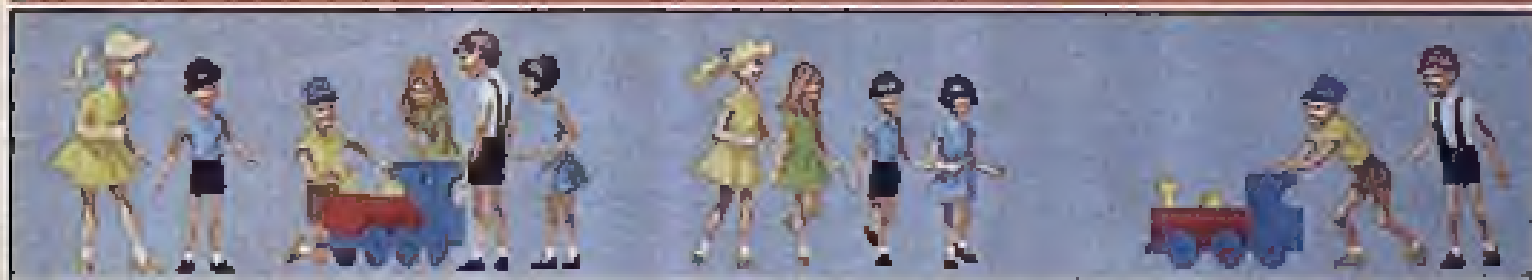
Do you remember that last week there was a picture called "The Blue Boy" in Once Upon a Time? Well, this week on the front cover you can see a picture that is sometimes called "The Red Boy." Actually it is a portrait of "Master Lambton" and it was painted by the great British artist Thomas Lawrence. The Pall Mall Gallery in London R. I. very kindly allowed us to publish this picture from a print supplied by them.

Perhaps you would like to cut out the picture and have it framed or stick it in your scrap-book. There will be another beautiful cover picture for you next week as well as lots more stories.

Goodbye for now,
Yours sincerely,
Barbara Bayne

FUN WITH NUMBERS

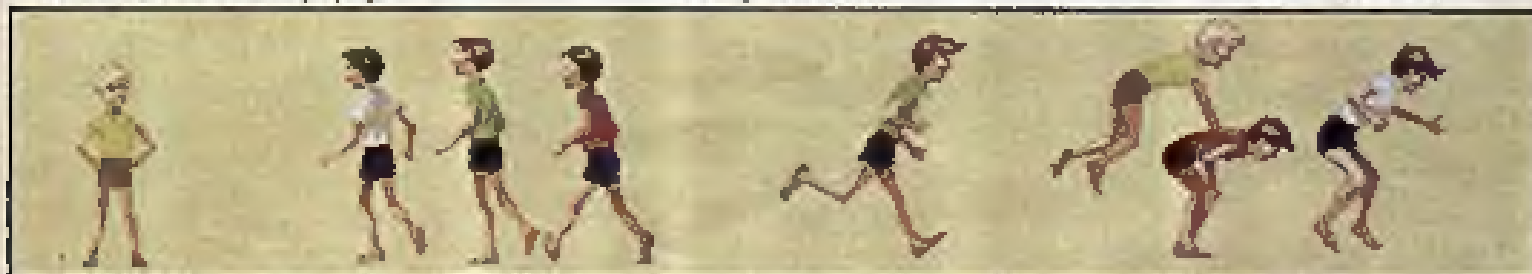
Here are some simple picture sums. Can you give the right answers?



A. Here are six children playing.

Four go for ice-creams.

How many are left?



B. Here is a boy.

His three friends join him.

How many play leap-frog together?



C. Jill and John and Tom and Tess meet Betty and Bob.

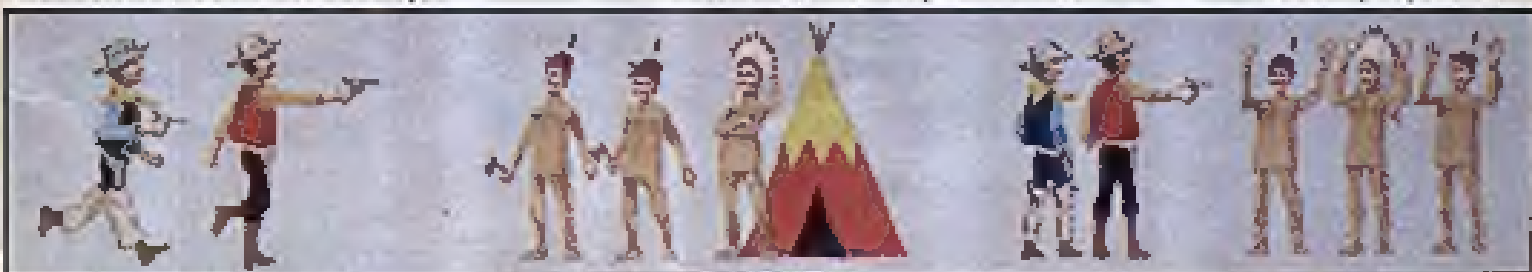
How many play ball together?



D. Here are five children with a bicycle.

Jim rides off followed by three friends.

How many stay behind?



E. Two boys play at Cowboys.

They capture three Red Indians.

How many boys are playing Cowboys and Indians together?



F. Ben pulls his four friends in a cart.

Ben takes two of his friends home.

How many are left?

You will find the answers at the foot of page 10.

CINDERELLA *and the Glass Slipper*



1. Cinderella's mother died when she was a little girl. Her father married again and the woman he married had two daughters. Now Cinderella's stepmother and her two daughters did not like the little girl and were jealous of her beauty.

2. Cinderella's father was often away on his business affairs. While he was away the stepmother and her two daughters, who were both ugly and cruel, ill-treated Cinderella. Her lovely bedroom was taken away from her and given to the two ugly sisters.



3. Sadly she would go upstairs to the attic where she had a little bed. There, she made friends with the lovely birds fluttering about the windows. The tiny mice, too, would come and frolic on Cinderella's bed. The birds and the mice were her only friends.



4. One day the King of the land made it known that all the girls in the country were being invited to a splendid ball and that from them, his handsome son Prince Charming would choose a bride.



5. All the well-to-do families in the country were asked to attend the ball and bring their daughters. Invitations were sent to Cinderella's home. The ugly stepsisters danced with joy. "Of course Prince Charming will choose one of us," they laughed. Cinderella's father was away at the time and the stepmother decided not to ask Cinderella.



6. Cinderella listened to her stepsisters' laughter. Sadly she thought to herself "Oh, if only Daddy were here, I'm sure he would take me to the ball."



7. Came the night of the ball and the two ugly stepsisters were so excited they just could not keep still. Of course, Cinderella was called in to help them get ready even though her poor heart was nearly breaking.



8. "I never go anywhere," she said as she combed the hair of one of her ugly stepsisters. "All I do is work, work, work from morning till night. I am given no money and what is worse, no thanks." Her stepister laughed.



9. When her stepsisters were ready to go, Cinderella ran to her stepmother to ask one last time if she could go to the ball, too. "Please, please, let me come with you," she pleaded. Her stepmother looked at her icily.



10. "Follow me," she ordered and led the way to the kitchen. There she threw a bowl of peas into the cold ashes of the fire. "Pick out all those peas within an hour and you, too, shall go to the ball," she sneered.

What an impossible task for Cinderella to perform. But there are surprises for the stepmother and ugly stepsisters next week.



1. Boys and girls all over the world love their cuddly Teddy Bears. Perhaps you have one, just like the Teddy Bear in this picture. They are such nice friends to take to bed every night, aren't they?



2. But what about real bears? Well, there are large bears and small bears. Most of them are dangerous and bad-tempered — and the most dangerous of them all is the Polar Bear which lives in the Arctic Sea. The Polar Bear is a very good swimmer and the soles of its feet are covered with long hair to help it walk on the ice.



These are "Allsorts" pages. Every week you can see all sorts of Allsorts. **THIS WEEK,**

BEARS



3. Then there is the Brown Bear. It is found in the mountains of Northern Europe. Although this bear feeds on roots and little animals, it loves honey, and will do anything that will give it the chance to dip its greedy paw into a bee's nest.



4. The Grizzly Bear, which lives in North America, is the biggest bear there is. Most of the time it feeds on plants and small animals. But it is a very fierce bear, and it has been known to attack an animal as large as a bison.



1. The Moon Bear, which is found in China and Japan is a friendly fellow. It has a large white V on its chest and very big ears. It loves honey. Moon Bears always move around as a family, with the father bear in the lead, followed by the mother and the cubs.



4. The Sloth Bear, which is found in India and Ceylon, has a very long nose. It sucks up insects and ants. When it finds a nest of insects, it first blows away all the dust and earth before settling down to eat its meal. Although it also eats leaves and fruits, the Sloth Bear is not able to climb trees very well.

HERE AND THERE



7. The Malayan, or Sun Bear, is a small bear. When it is very young, its coat is soft and shiny, but when it grows up, its coat becomes thick and rough. It lives in forests and is found in Burma, Indo-China, Malaya, and Borneo, where it is often sold as a pet.



6. The Himalayan Bear lives in Asia. It also loves honey and is always climbing trees in search of bees' nests. The Himalayan Bear is lucky to have a thick rough coat which helps to protect him whenever he is attacked by angry bees — which is very often.



BRER RABBIT

This week you will learn how Wattle Weasel was caught.



The stories of Brer Rabbit were first written by an American named Joel Chandler Harris. One day he wrote to a friend about his famous stories as follows: "I seem to see before me the smiling faces of thousands of children — some young and fresh, and some wearing the friendly marks of age, but all children at heart — and not an unfriendly face among them. And out of the confusion, and while I am trying hard to speak the right word, I seem to hear a voice above the rest, saying, 'You have made some of us happy.' And so I feel my heart fluttering and my lips trembling, and I have to bow silently and turn away."

The Brer Rabbit stories were first supposed to be told by an old negro to a young boy. They are now not easy to read so they are being retold by Barbara Hayes.



This is what happened. There was a time, when all the creatures lived in the same little village and all drank out of the same stream and all shared the same barrel of butter.

Now, butter was very precious and the animals used to hide their barrel of butter away, so that no one animal could eat more than his fair share. But one day, when the animals came back they found that some one had been nibbling at their butter. They looked at the tracks in the earth leading up to the butter and at once they knew that the nibbler was little Wattle Weasel.

So the creatures talked together and they decided to leave some one to guard the butter and the first animal they picked on was Brer Mink.

What happened when Brer Mink was asked to guard the butter.

Well, Brer Mink sat up in the shed with the butter and he watched and he listened and he listened and he watched, but he didn't see anything and he didn't hear anything. But he went on watching, because he knew that if he let Wattle Weasel get any more butter, he himself would not be allowed any butter for a year.

At last, when Brer Mink was cramped and tired with waiting, Wattle Weasel popped his head round the door and he said, "Hello, Brer Mink. You look sort of lonesome in there. Come out here and have a game of hide and seek."

So Brer Mink did and they had lots of fun and in the end, Brer Mink was so tired, he just lay down and went to sleep — and that was when Wattle Weasel nibbled some more butter and then popped out of the shed the same way he came in.

NOW I have told you how Brer Rabbit and the other animals kept playing tricks on one another, but there was one time, when the animals had to call Brer Rabbit in to help them.

Well, when the creatures came back and found some of the butter gone, they told Brer Mink he couldn't have any butter for a year and then they told Brer Possum he must guard the butter.

So Brer Possum sat up to guard the butter and by and by, time enough, he popped little Wattle Weasel. And this time Wattle Weasel had another trick. He tickled Brer Possum so much that he laughed and laughed until he became out of breath. And while Brer Possum lay there panting, Wattle Weasel nibbled the butter again and then popped out of the shed the same way he came in.

Then Brer Possum was told he couldn't have any butter for a year and Brer Coon was told to guard the butter.

What happened when Brer Coon was asked to guard the butter.

So Brer Coon started guarding in a mighty fine way, but as he sat there Wattle Weasel came and said "Let's have a race through the branches."

Brer Coon loved a race, so he no sooner heard those words than he was off, swinging through the trees. But Wattle Weasel took all the short cuts and he got back long before Brer Coon and he nibbled the butter again and then popped out of the shed the same way he came in.

So then Brer Coon had to do without butter for a year and Brer Fox was told to watch the butter.

Well, Wattle Weasel was rather afraid of Brer Fox and he thought a long time

about what he should do. Then at last, when it was dark he thought of a plan. He went to the old field and he woke up the pheasants and got them to flutter to and fro outside the butter shed. Well the thought of a mouthful of tasty pheasant was more than Brer Fox could stand so he went out to chase them and then Wattle Weasel went in and nibbled the butter again and popped out of the shed the same way he came in.

So then Brer Fox was told no more butter for a year and Brer Wolf was told to watch the butter.

So Brer Wolf sat guarding the butter and by and by he heard a voice saying that there were comestly sheep waiting to be eaten down by the grove of trees. Of course the voice belonged to Wattle Weasel, but Brer Wolf didn't know that and he ran down to the grove of trees and while he was gone Wattle Weasel nibbled the butter again and then popped out of the shed the same way he came in.

What happened when Brer Rabbit was asked to guard the butter.

Well at last the animals were so angry that they sent for Brer Rabbit to help them. So that night Brer Rabbit sat by the butter, but with him he had a ball of string. He hadn't waited long, before in came Wattle Weasel. He was just about to nibble the butter, when Brer Rabbit called out,

"Let that butter alone!"

Wattle Weasel jumped back as if the butter had burnt him. He jumped back and he said "Surely that must be Brer Rabbit!"

Then Wattle Weasel tried all the tricks he had played on all the other animals, but of course none of them worked on crafty Brer Rabbit. At last Brer Rabbit suggested a trick of his own.

"I'll tie this string to your tail," says he, "and you tie the string to my tail and we will have a tug of war to see whose tail is the strongest. You tug inside the shed and I will go and stand outside and tug."

Wily Brer Rabbit! He just went outside and tied his end of the string to a tree root and then he had a nice little sleep while Wattle Weasel tugged and tugged and pulled and pulled and tugged the whole night long.

And in the morning the other animals came and found Wattle Weasel still tugging at the rope and they said they thought Brer Rabbit was the smartest animal in the woodlands.

Brer Bear spanked Wattle Weasel and Wattle Weasel never nibbled the butter again.

Do you think that Brer Rabbit is smart?

☆ ☆ ☆

There will be another lovely story about Brer Rabbit next week.



This story is a memory test. Read it carefully and then turn to page 18 and try to answer the questions about it.



THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER

ONCE upon a time, there lived a brave officer of the King's Navy and his name was Admiral Jolly. He had a beautiful daughter called Belinda.

One day she said to him "Father, please help me. Captain Gold and Captain Gentle, two of your officers, have both asked me to marry them. I am fond of them both but my heart has not told me which to choose as my husband."

Admiral Jolly loved his daughter dearly. She was kind as well as beautiful and he knew she would not want to hurt the feelings of either young man. "Well, my dear," he smiled. "I will arrange a dinner and invite my Captains along. If you see them together it may be easier for you to make a choice."

The dinner was arranged and the day arrived. Belinda felt rather nervous. "Come along, Floss," she said to her spaniel.

Admiral Jolly, Belinda and Floss, walked through to a little inn where the Admiral had reserved a special room overlooking the harbour.

Captain Gold and Captain Gentle came in together a few minutes later.

Now, Captain Gold was very rich. He was also tall, handsome and looked very smart in his uniform. "Your servant, ma'am," he said quietly. "I have the magnificent emerald brooch I promised you and after dinner I would like to give it to you." Belinda thanked him and stroked the head of Floss who growled softly.

Now Captain Gentle was shorter than his friend and somewhat plump. His words, spoken in a soft voice, caused Belinda's heart to flutter. "Ma'am, I have brought you a posy of Spring flowers and with these flowers I give my love."

There was no need for Admiral Jolly to wait for his daughter to make up her mind. He could read it in her eyes. "Captain Gold," he said. "I have invited you along to dinner today to celebrate with me the engagement of my daughter to Captain Gentle, as I know you are a very dear friend of them both."

"It is a pleasure to be here, Sir," said gallant Captain Gold. "And I would like to give Belinda this brooch as an engagement present."

Belinda was very happy that her father had arranged the dinner and so cleverly stopped Captain Gold from feeling hurt.

But Floss still growled when Captain Gold gave Belinda the brooch.

(Now turn to page 18 for the questions.)







ALADDIN

and the
wonderful lamp



1. As the wicked magician (who Aladdin thought was his uncle) threw the magic powder on the fire, dense coloured smoke spread everywhere and the ground trembled. As the smoke cleared away, a square flat stone with a ring in the middle could be seen.



2. Aladdin was so scared he started to run away. But the magician grabbed hold of his collar, pulled him back and knocked him down. "What have I done wrong, uncle?" asked Aladdin, wiping away his tears. Suddenly the magician grinned.



3. "As I say and I won't knock you down again," said he. "Now, beneath this stone lies a treasure. It is yours and no-one else is allowed to touch it. But certain dangers may await you down there. Take this ring. It will help to protect you."



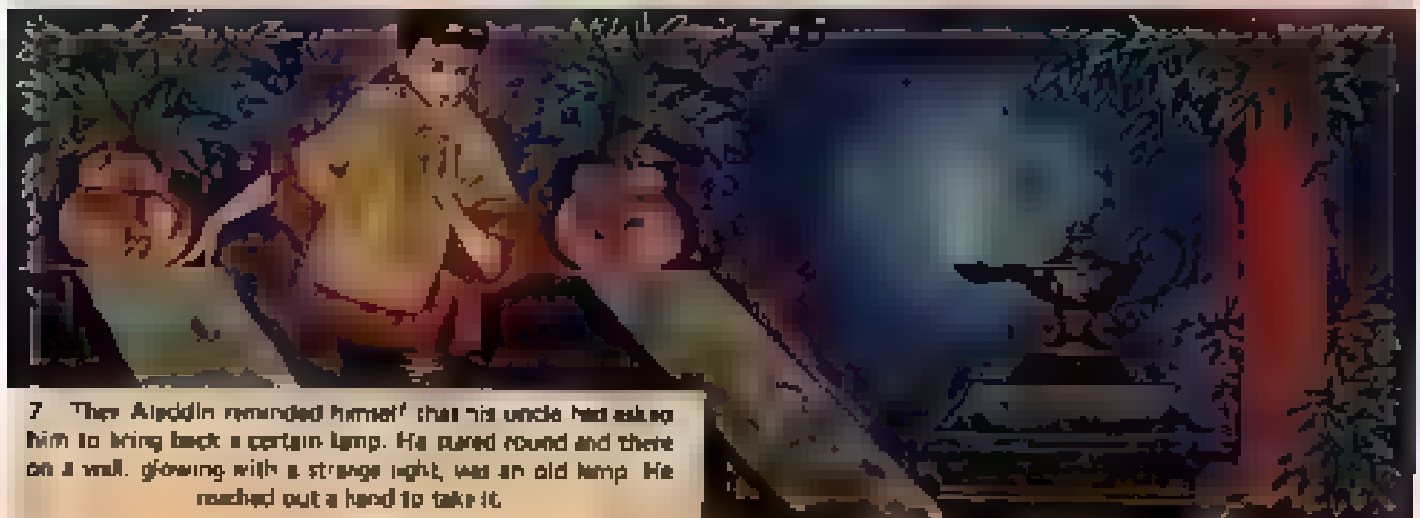
4. "Now pull up the stone," ordered the magician. Aladdin did so and saw some steps. "Go down and when you reach the bottom of the steps," went on the magician, "you will find yourself in a glorious garden of beautiful fruit trees. There you will find an old lamp. Bring it back to me."



6 The magician laughed as Aladdin started down the steps. You see, the magician had read in his books about a wonderful lamp. Though he alone knew where to find it, he could only receive it from the hand of somebody else.



6. Sure enough when Aladdin reached the foot of the steps he saw a wonderful garden of fruit trees. He stopped to pick some of the fruit. "I have never seen fruit of such beautiful colours before," he said to himself. "I must take some home to mother."



7 Then Aladdin reminded himself that his uncle had asked him to bring back a certain lamp. He pured round and there on a wall, glowing with a strange light, was an old lamp. He reached out a hand to take it.

(Ahead of Aladdin he was having adventures with the wonderful lamp.)

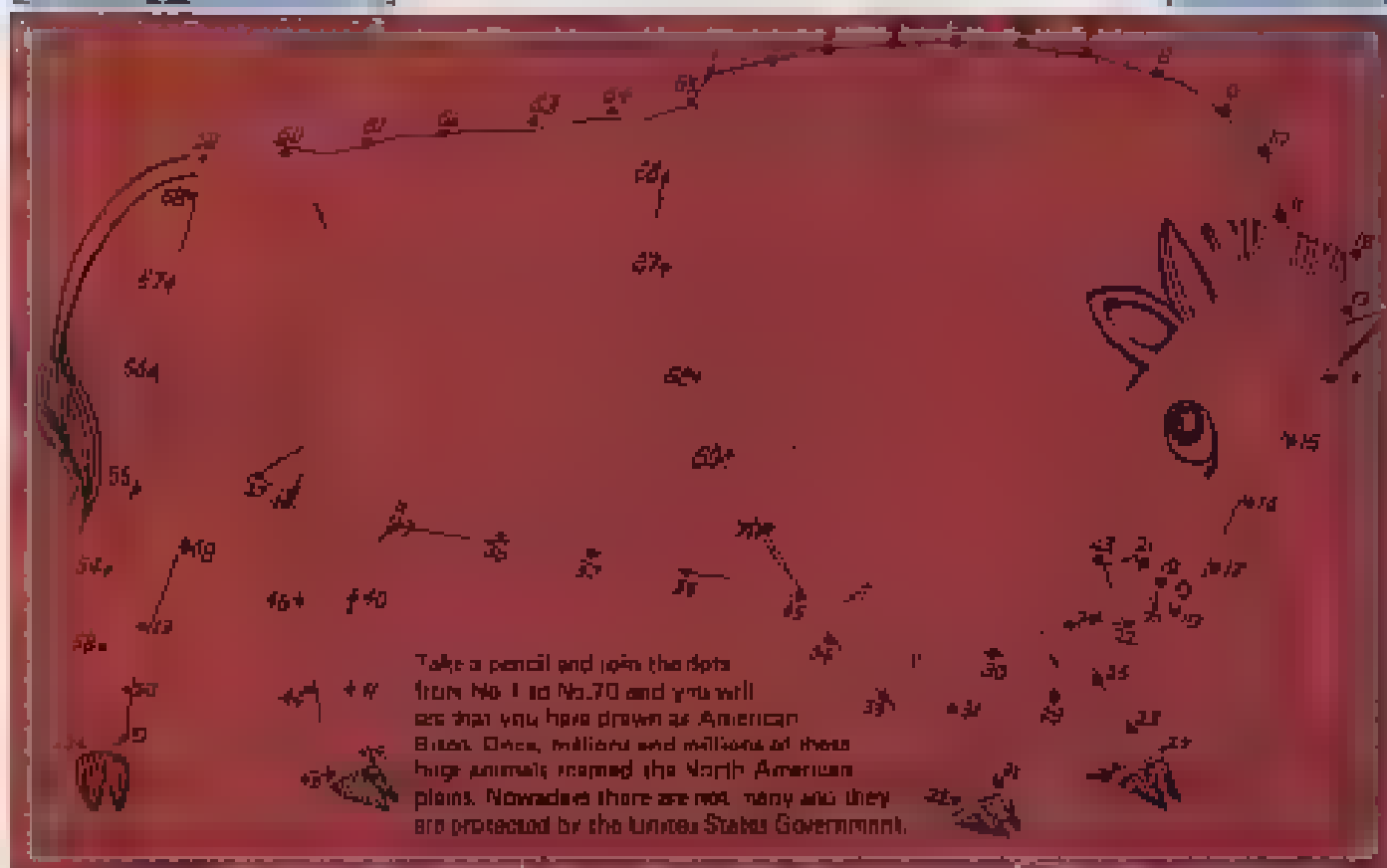
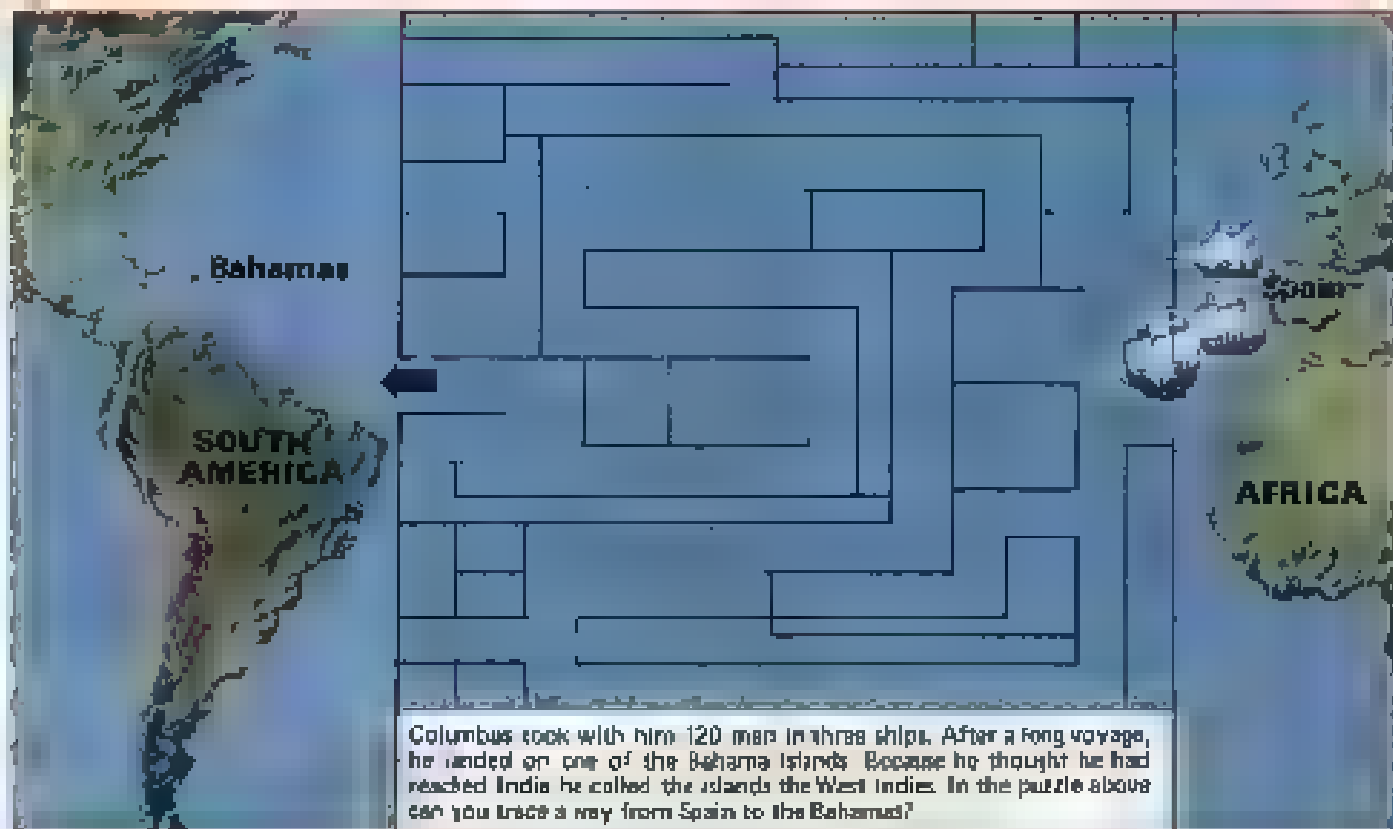


Beautiful Paintings

Here is another splendid picture for you to keep. A storm is about to break. The cold wind roars about the horses' ears and the beautiful animals huddle together for comfort. The picture was painted by Alfred Rolloff. (A detail of a print supplied by Philip Colson, London).

A Puzzle For You

For hundreds of years people thought that the world was flat. But a brave man named Christopher Columbus knew that they were wrong. On August 3rd in the year 1492 (nearly five hundred years ago) he set sail from Spain to try and reach India by sailing west instead of sailing east.





PINOCCHIO

C. Colucci's amusing story of a naughty little puppet.



Once upon a time a lovable little man named Geppetto had a good idea. He thought he would make a beautiful wooden puppet that should know how to dance and leap like an acrobat. So he went to see Master Cherry the carpenter who gave him a strange piece of wood that seemed able to speak and move by itself.

Geppetto took it home and started to carve the piece of wood. He made up his mind to call his puppet Pinocchio. No sooner was the puppet finished, however, and Geppetto had taught it to walk, than it ran away. Geppetto gave chase.

AT last, as good luck would have it, a carabineer (which is the name for an Italian policeman) arrived who, hearing the uproar, imagined that a horse had escaped from his master. Planting himself bravely, with legs apart, in the middle of the road, he waited for the horse to try and stop it because as everybody knows, runaway horses can be very dangerous and cause a lot of damage.

When Pinocchio, still at some distance, saw the carabineer standing in the middle of the street, he tried to take him by surprise and to dodge between his legs, but he failed.

The carabineer caught him, dexterly by the nose — it was a big nose that seemed made on purpose to be laid hold of by carabineers — and handed him over to Geppetto. Wishing to punish him, Geppetto took him by the collar, and as he was leading him away he said to him, shaking his head fiercely:

"We will go home at once, and as soon as we arrive I will find some way to punish you, never doubt it."

At these words Pinocchio threw himself on the ground and would not take another step. In the meanwhile people began to gather and to make a ring round them.

Some of them said one thing, some another.

"Poor puppet!" said several, "he is right not to wish to return home! Who knows how Geppetto, that bad old man, will beat him! ..."

And the others added spitefully:

"Geppetto seems a good man but he doesn't like little boys! If that poor puppet is left in his hands it is quite possible he will starve him."

It ended in so much bickering and doing that the carabineer at last freed Pinocchio and took Geppetto to prison. The poor man cried like a baby and as he was being led away to prison sobbed out:

"Wretched boy! And to think how I have worked hard to make you a well-behaved puppet! But it serves me right! I should have been ready for such misfortune."

What happened afterwards is a story that really is past all belief.

While poor Galletto was being taken to prison for no fault of his, that little Pinocchio, finding himself free from the clutches of the carabineer, ran off home as fast as his legs could carry him.

Having arrived at the house he found the street door open. He went in and, having fastened the latch, seated himself on the ground and gave a happy sigh. "Tomorrow I shall run away from here," he laughed.

His happiness did not last long, for he heard someone in the room who was saying:

"Cri-cri-cri!"

"Who calls me?" said Pinocchio in fright.

"It is I!"

Pinocchio turned round and saw a big cricket sitting on top of a picture frame that hung on the wall.

"Tell me, Cricket, who may you be?"

"I am the Talking-cricket, and I have lived in this room a hundred years and more."

"Now, however, this room is mine," said the puppet, "and if you would make me happy go away at once."

"I will not go," answered the Cricket, "Until I have told you a great truth."

"Tell it to me then and be quick about it."

"Woe to those boys who turn against their parents, and run away from home. They will never come to any good in the world, and sooner or later they will be very sorry for what they have done."

"Stop away, Cricket, as you please, and as long as you please," replied Pinocchio. "For me, I have made up my mind to run away tomorrow at daybreak, because if I remain I shall not escape what happens to all other boys; I shall

be sent to school and shall be made to study either by love or by force. To tell you the truth, I have no wish to learn; it is much more fun to run after butterflies, or to climb trees and to dance and sing all day long."

"That is stupid. Do you not know that in that way you will grow up a donkey, and that everyone will laugh at you?" said the Cricket.

"Hold your tongue, you wicked croaker!" shouted Pinocchio.

But the Cricket, who was patient and kindly, instead of becoming angry at Pinocchio's rude words, went on in the same tone:

"But if you do not wish to go to school why not at least learn a trade, if only to help you to earn honestly a piece of bread!"

"Do you want me to tell you?" replied Pinocchio who was beginning to lose his temper. "Amongst all the trades in the world there is only one that really takes my fancy."

"And that trade—what is it?"

"To eat, drink, sleep, and amuse myself and to lead a happy-go-lucky life from morning to night."

"As a rule," said the Talking-cricket, "all those who follow that trade end either in a hospital or in prison."

"Take care, you wicked croaker! Woe to you if I fly into a bad temper."

"Poor Pinocchio! really pity you!"

"Why do you pity me?"

"Because you are a puppet and what is worse, because you have a wooden head."

At these last words Pinocchio jumped up in a rage, and snatching a wooden hammer from the bench he threw it at the Talking-cricket.

Perhaps he never meant to hit him; but unfortunately it struck the Cricket

exactly on the head, so that he had scarcely breath to cry "Cri-cri-cri" and then he fell off the picture frame and disappeared from sight.

Night was coming on and Pinocchio, remembering that he had eaten nothing all day, began to feel an emptiness in his stomach.

He began to run about the room, searching in the drawers and in every cupboard, in hopes of finding a bit of bread. If it was only a bit of dry bread, a crust, a bone left by a dog, a little mouldy pudding, a fish bone, a sherry stone—in fact anything that he could gnaw.

Suddenly he thought he saw something in a corner—something round and white that looked like a hen's egg. It took him just a moment to seize hold of it. It was indeed an egg.

Pinocchio's joy was tremendous.

Without loss of time he placed a frying-pan on the fire. He broke the egg-shell over the frying-pan but instead of the white and the yolk a little chicken popped out very gay and polite. Bowing gratefully it said to him:

"A thousand thanks, Master Pinocchio, for saving me the trouble of breaking the shell. Good-bye until we meet again. Keep well and remember me to everybody at home!"

Then saying it jumped out of the frying-pan and ran away out of sight.

The poor puppet stood as if he had been benighted, with his eyes fixed, his mouth open, and the egg-shell in his hand. Recovering himself, from his first surprise, he began to cry and to stamp his feet on the floor in temper, and amidst his sobs he said:

"Ah! If only my papa was here, I should not now be faint with hunger! Oh, what a dreadful stomach hunger is!"

(You can read more about Pinocchio next week.)





In the old days before the coming of the white man to America, certain Red Indians thought that it was bad manners for a man to speak to his mother-in-law.



Here every
week you will be able to
read these
**STRANGE BUT
TRUE**

facts which have been gathered
for you from all over
the world.

The Dragon-fly sounds rather fearsome but it is quite harmless and cannot bite or sting.

The chamois is an amusing animal. It can make the most astonishing leaps. It slides down steep cliffs and leaps on to the tops of tiny peaks, without once losing its footing.



The people who lived in Mexico many centuries ago, were called Aztecs. They built clay huts in which to store their wheat and corn. The same type of huts are still in use today.



In India snake-charmers risk their lives playing music to dangerous snakes. When the snake-charmer starts playing, a cobra snake rises from a basket and begins to sway in time with the music. The cobra never tries to attack the snake-charmer while he plays.